

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 84

The second Janet entered the banquet hall, she felt like she had stepped foot inside a movie about the rich and powerful. It was already dark out, but the brightly lit hall was even livelier than a sunny room.

But there was more to it than she thought.

Everyone seemed to be hell-bent on meeting some invisible goal, hopping from table to table and exchanging tactful greetings.

Ethan stopped a waiter and took a glass of red wine for himself and a glass of orange juice from his tray. He handed the orange juice to Janet.

“What are you looking at?”

Following the woman’s gaze, he saw that she was staring at several independent designers in a huddle, chattering happily “Wow! I can’t believe the Larson Group actually invited those design masters. They’re constants at international fashion shows. I didn’t think I’d see them here.”

Janet sipped at her orange juice absentmindedly, her eyes filled with shock and awe.

“Why don’t you go and say hi?”

Ethan put his hand on her back and took another sip of wine, looking relaxed and at home.

Janet burst into laughter.

“I’m just a nobody from the Larson Group. I haven’t even been regularized yet. How could I possibly talk to those masters?”

Ethan casually put down his glass and glanced at Garrett from across the room.

Garrett caught his gaze and immediately sprang into action.

As if he had just received an urgent order, he deserted the crowd he had been talking to and walked towards Ethan.

“Lind.”

Janet turned around to see Garrett in a white suit standing behind her.

What was he doing here? Wasn’t he trying to avoid her? Why did he take the initiative to talk to her here?

“Good evening, Mr. Harding ”

Janet smiled awkwardly and tilted her head slightly.

Glancing at Ethan’s face carefully from time to time, Garrett broke into a big smile and told Janet, “Mr. Larson told me to take care of you tonight. Are you free? The Larson Group has invited some well-known designers here. Do you want to meet them?”

Janet's jaw dropped to the floor in shock, as though she was just informed that she had won the lottery.

"What? Can I? Mr. Harding, are you sure? I'm just a nobody,"

"Of course. Mr. Larson needed to deal with some things tonight, so he told me to introduce you to the top designers in your field. They seldom come back. They all just happen to be here this time because of a fashion show. It's a rare opportunity to meet them all in one place."

Garrett pushed his glasses up his nose and smiled politely.

Janet pursed her lips, her eyes blinking a lot more than usual.

Whenever she was nervous, this was her body's physical response. She looked at Ethan, who nodded at her encouragingly.

"Okay then."

She pinched herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming. She followed Garrett to the group of designers.

Garrett cleared his throat and said, "Sorry to disturb you, everyone. Allow me to introduce to you our newest and most promising designer, Lind."

Since someone like Garrett had gone out of his way to introduce her, the designers all looked at Janet with great interest.

"You must be very talented!"

One of the designers gave Janet a thumbs up and smiled, which made Janet feel welcome.

From local to international design trends, the conversation between the designers could've kept going forever.

But after a while, Garrett wanted Janet to meet other important guests-business partners from clothing companies who had also attended the dinner party.

Hours passed and the party was coming to a close.

Ethan had been sitting on the sofa in silence, sipping from his wine occasionally.

Multiple women tried to accost him, but they all shrank back whenever the cold man looked at them sharply.

It wasn't until Janet wove through the crowd and came back that he finally broke into a smile.

"Why don't you talk to them some more? You came back so soon."

Garrett had just suggested that Janet go back to chat with the designers, but she had worried that Ethan would be bored to death, so she came back to him.

Janet smiled gently and was about to sit down next to Ethan. She wanted to hang out with him, not the designers.

"I met them already. But now, I want to talk to—"

Before she could finished her sentence, Janet jolted in shock. Somebody had spilled a glass of wine on her from behind.

Red wine stained her light blue dress and dripped at her feet, forming a red puddle.